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Marian University - Indianapolis

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Here comes the Bride (issue) How does that Groom you?

CARBON

SPECIAL!

OUTLAW ISSUE



ACTIVITIES



ACTIVITIES THISWEEK ARE, TO SAY THE LEAST, VERY LIMITED. EXAMS HAVE FIRST PRIORITY IN THE MINDS (WHAT DOES THAT WORD MEAN SISTER) MARIAN'S BOYS AND GIRLS.

THERE IS A BIG B-BALL GAME THIS WEEK-END IN THE SPACIOUS REYNOLDS ASTRO-DOME. SATURDAY AT EIGHT P.M. WE CAN'T RECALL WHO THE OPPONENT IS, BUT IT SHOULD BE A GOOD ONE.

ATTN: THE ANNUAL TOILET FLUSHING CONTEST WILL BE HELD FRI. 3:30 P.M. ALL STUDENTS INTERESTED IN ENTERING SHOULD CONTACT DAVE SOOTS NO LATER THAN 3:15 P.M.

TODAY. THE SENIORS WILL MAN THE THIRD FLOOR JOHNS, JUNIORS THE SECOND FLOOR JOHNS, FRESHMEN THE THIRD FLOOR (SORRY) FIRST FLOOR, SOPHMORES THE SAC BUILDING. WINNERS WILL RECEIVE A FULLER BATHROOM KIT WITH SPECIAL SIX MONTH REFILL, WITH AN ADDED BONUS OF SPECIAL ALL*GRIP THROW-RUG FOR THOSE ICY MORNINGS.

take the plunge and get in on the action.

OH MY PROPHETIC SOUL: READ ON! (Shakespeare).

SPECIAL PLUNGE

Speaking of taking the plunge, we hear anpnymous forebodings (Jean Dixon variety) that one of the leading figures on campus (student with 36 inch waist and moustach) is planning a fall wedding (what a fall) he's been prancing around campii with tonguein cheek whenever such leakage of plans is made evident to him. For further information contact dave soots former single editor of this paper.

I do, I do, I do, I do, I do,
I do, I do, I do, I do, I do,
I do, I do, I do, I do, I do,
I do, I do, I do, I do
I do, I do, I do, I did.

NIGHT FALLS
AND THE GARAGE ROOF
TALKS TO ME OF MANY THINGS,
I TURN TO THE WINDEX BOTILE
AND FIND MY SOUP HAS
CAUGHT FIRE. T.S.

DEAR D.J.

WOW, I think I'm in love!q
Last Sunday I'd a lot of tongue
at my girl-friends house, with
potatoes and tomatoes and salads
and fruits and pies and baked
alaskas and ~~gravy~~ gravey and black
eyed peas (I used to hate peas)
And I finished it all with two
alcoholic drinks and more tongue.
Wow! I'm in love! This is the
real thing. I had to tell somebody
other than my friends because they
don't understand such things and
are so undecorous. God! don't print
this. I just had to tell the world
but I don't want my friends to
know. D.J., won't she make a
wonderful wife?

DLS

Dear Dave,

Mmmm..., the way to a man's heart
is through his stomach. If the shoe
fits wear it.



OH PROMISE ME...